

NOVEMBER 1968 50c  
IND.

Say Hello, Dick. Hello Dick!

DIRECT FROM BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN BURBANK

# LAUGHIN'



See  
**Philosophy Section:**  
**HOW I STRAIGHTENED**  
**OUT HUGH HEFNER!**

QUASIMOTO  
BELIEVED IN  
HUNCHES

DRACULA  
DIED IN VEIN

PLUMBERS  
PLAN  
A  
HEAD

TUJANA IS A  
BORDERLINE CASE



Show  
me a  
monk who rips his  
cassock and I'll show  
you a holy tearer.

Walter Cronkite  
should take a  
sabbatical!



Laxatives  
won't help.  
I think he needs  
some time off.



Knock Knock.  
Who's there?

Agatha.  
AGATHA WHO?  
Agatha world on  
a thring, thittin'  
on a rainbow . . .



Show me a  
girl who enjoys  
a tramp in the  
woods and I'll show  
you a vagabond lover.

MEN  
SELDOM  
ELOPE  
WITH GIRLS  
WHO TAKE  
DOPE.



I  
know an  
85 year old  
man who married  
a nineteen  
year old  
girl.

NO  
FOOLING?



Very little



THAT  
RAQUEL WELCH  
IS JUST PUTTING  
UP A BIG FRONT.



It's a  
great life  
if you don't  
weaken —but  
it's even better  
if you do!



If  
Belle Barth  
married Earnest  
Tubbs, she'd be  
Belle Barth-Tubbs.



If  
Mimi Hines married  
Horace Heidt, she'd  
be Mimi Hindsight



Goldie,  
what would you  
get if you crossed  
Stokley Carmichael  
and Governor  
Wallace?



I  
don't  
think you  
could get  
them to.



If  
Eva Marie Saint,  
Joe Louis and  
Claudia Cardinale  
got married they  
would be known as the  
Saint Louis Cardinales.



My butcher  
backed into  
a meat grinder

WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO HIM?



He  
got a  
little behind  
in his work.



Well Dick, here's the second issue.  
And you may be interested to know  
that the first issue  
of Laugh-In was the biggest success  
of any new magazine in many years.  
That's pretty heady wine.

*I'll drink to that!*



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## Table of Contents—45

Undoubtedly our two strongest pages! Two full pages socko page numbers, big easy readable type, AND three hundred of Wayne Newton's favorite hymns!

## Letters—6

## The Party—89

Fifty (50) big smash lines from the kind of party nobody ever invites you to anymore. PLUS highlights from the outstanding tax cases of Dayton, Ohio in 1904!



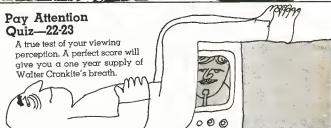
## Funerals—10-11

If you liked our restaurant recommendations, you'll love our funeral choices. A quick tour through the finest undertaking parlors in the U.S. Just be sure when they close the lid on you, you look up and see the Laugh-In recommended seal.



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You've known for a long time that Time and Newsweek have been trying to protect you. Our news stabs it to you straight—if you're strong enough to take it.



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One hundred fantastic years of regrest!



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Judy Carne tells—for the first time anywhere—how she once was a two hundred pound, sloppy, greasy, snarling sixty-three year old housewife in Sicily.



## Election Highlights—53-55

The real story of what will happen in the days left before election. Pat Paulsen will win!



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## LAUGH-IN MONTHLY

direct from beautiful downtown Burbank

November 1968  
Number 2



## The Gary Owens Mural—18

Your opportunity to turn your city into something more than the lower middle class dull heap it is now.

## Graffiti—16-17

The way you like it! And the way your elderly relatives are probably writing it in public places when nobody's looking.



## The Laugh-In Philosophy—25

One last chance for you to straighten yourself out.



## Arte Johnson Story—26-28

Because Mr. Johnson did not accept our invitation to leave ten thousand dollars in a shoe box at a specified place, we have gone ahead with a story on him.

## Cartoons International—30-31



## Your Horoscope for October—42-43

Without this feature, how could Sandra Dee have known she shouldn't bite a Leper's warts between noon and 3:30 P.M. on Saturdays?



## The Society of Beautiful Downtown Burbank—44-45

America's most genteel community lets you share it's society page.



## The Answers—62-63

... then the questions.

In looking this over, it is clear to Laugh-In's editorial board that 50¢ just wasn't enough. Please make a free-will offering to cover the difference.



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Dear Laugh-In:

What's so damn funny about Burbank, California? I live in Bismarck, North Dakota. Why don't you write about a big swinging town like Bismarck

Arnold of Bismarck

Dear Laugh-In:

Read your first issue and I think you people are nuts! But so am I! So count me in as a regular reader. Long Live Screwballs!

Crazy Ben  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Laugh-In:

I dig your magazine but why not more sexy pictures. You don't have enough sexy articles. Don't think I'm obsessed with sex, but I enjoy reading about it. Is that bad?

Disturbed  
Denver, Colorado

Dear Disturbed:  
Is what bad?

Dear Laugh-In:

Your magazine is something else. In fact it's outside—way outside. One thing puzzles me, the color pictures are on nice, slick paper but the rest of the magazine is printed on paper that is soft and pulpy. How come?

Jerry  
Farmington, Vermont

Dear Jerry:

If you don't get the message, it's too late.

Dear Laugh-In:

Is Arte Johnson the same guy on the Laugh-In Show who plays the part of the German, the Indian, the old man and Tiny Tim?

Dwayne  
St Paul, Minnesota

Dear Dwayne:

You're right on everybody except Tiny Tim. We're not certain who plays Tiny Tim.

Dear Laugh-In:

Who in the world ever did the dream analysis section in the October Laugh-In Magazine? Was it a real psychiatrist or somebody who is twisted, uninformed, insane and thwarted.

Charlie F.  
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Charlie:

It was somebody who is twisted, uninformed, insane and thwarted. Glad you liked it.

Dear Laugh-In:

Is the mustache that Dan Rowan sports something put on by NBC makeup or is it for real.

Harold Chamberlain  
Cathedral City, California

Dear Harold:

Dan Rowan's mustache is no put on. It's as real as Dick Martin's bippy.

Dear Laugh-In:

In your religious section you mention a medication cult called FOON. You said their people do not eat meat and Clark bars. I love meat and Clark bars. What does that make me?

Steven Schneider  
Wilmington, Delaware

Dear Steven:

Although you are anti-FOON we don't know enough about you to call you a bigot. Please keep an open mind in the future—there are many FOONS who can be hurt by remarks like yours.

Dear Laugh-In:

I'm from England and I love the Laugh-In Show. How about some English jokes like: Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Jill came down with half a crown. Naughty Girl!

Laurie of London

Dear Laurie:

Stuff like that could end leud-lease forever. Don't call us, we'll call you. Naughty Girl!

Dear Laugh-In:

Were you serious about your philosophy in last month's magazine. For instance, why would anyone "put vaseline on a midget's carlobe?" Are you people putting me on.

I'm Puzzled  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Puzzled:

You may accept the philosophy anyway it hits you. But in answer to your question, we do not prescribe to anyone putting vaseline on a midget's carlobe. However, this is America, and we'll defend your right to do so.

Dear Laugh-In:

Just crazy about your Farkling game. I'm now a confirmed Farkler. I dug the Screebs and the Scrotishes but had a hell of a time getting an eggplant in the city of Halifax.

Pierre Smythe  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Dear Laugh-In:

I want to compliment you on having a magazine that isn't dirty—isn't provocative—in fact it isn't even funny! I'd like my 50¢ back.

Cecil Harper  
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Laugh-In:

On your recent cover you had a saying "Marquis de Sade really knows how to hurt a guy." Don't you know you are advocating violence.

J.S.  
Newark, New Jersey

Dear Laugh-In:

Why no limericks in your magazine—Here's a FREEBIE:

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She'd \_\_\_\_\_ on her \_\_\_\_\_

And \_\_\_\_\_ ceiling.  
Limerick Lover  
Portland, Oregon

Dear Lover:

You're strictly a \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_  
and your idea is \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_

Dear Laugh-In:

Ethnic humor is the last resort of de mented creativity. Can't you be original without crushing people because of their origin. Bah on Polish jokes. And you certainly have no authority to pick on albino hunchbacks

Rod Carlisle  
Great Falls, Montana

Dear Rod:

Who does?

I say let's not tamper with our  
three branches  
of government.

Let's keep it the way it is—  
LEGISLATIVE, EXECUTIVE  
and J. EDGAR HOOVER!

Willy Mays has Athlete's Feet

FIGHT FOR  
NON-VIOLENCE

A sexton is  
2,000 lbs.  
of fun!

I APPEAL TO  
YOUR SENSE OF LOGIC  
TO ACCEPT WHAT I SAY  
ON FAITH ALONE.

Cows don't give milk; you have to squeeze it out of them.

Philosophy is something to think about.

CAPTAIN KANGAROO IS HOPPED UP

Santa Claus has  
his own bag.

KEEP  
INCEST IN  
THE  
FAMILY

Christian  
Dior  
will go  
to any  
length.

I say  
why on earth  
can't we have  
the Christmas services

early this year  
so people will  
be free for  
the holidays?

.....SIR WALTER RALEIGH DIED OF LUNG CANCER.

**THOMAS EDISON  
WAS POWER MAD!**

If Mia Farrow  
had stayed on Peyton Place,  
she never would have had  
all this domestic trouble!

AND SO I SAY TO YOU,

IT ISN'T  
SODOM AND GOMMORAH

WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT.  
It's their suburbs where they  
have all the fun!

True,  
the Meek Shall Inherit the Earth,  
but one must consider  
that the strong have  
all the good attorneys  
capable of breaking a will.

Remember,  
Dr. Joyce Brothers  
got her start on  
a quiz show!

Buster Crabbe  
scratched a lot.  
GIANDI WAS  
A FAST WORKER.

INSIDE  
EVERY SPIRO AGNEW,  
THERE'S A  
HAROLD STASSEN  
TRYING TO GET OUT.

San Francisco  
may have the nation's  
highest homosexual rate,  
but I say  
it's a man's town!

YOU'VE GOT TO  
HAND IT TO  
VENUS de MILO

Tiny Tim  
is definitely not  
a passing fancy...  
he's a permanent fancy.

TRANSVESTISM  
IS A DRAG.

All my favorite writers  
on the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR  
are out on sick leave.

**Welcome  
to  
The Party**

I don't think  
there's anything between  
Tarzan and the boy,  
but I am concerned  
about the ape.





Boris is so upset over the gas company turning off our service, he's going to stick his head in the oven and kill himself.

JAM A POPSICLE  
IN SONJA HEINIE'S EAR!

The question is  
would Forest Lawn  
have charged Lazarus  
for the entire funeral  
had he been revived  
under the same  
circumstances today?

I've been paid  
\$5,000 in farm subsidies  
for being a crop failure  
at Elizabeth Arden's  
Guest Ranch.

Esther Williams has leaky waterwings.

Stan  
Freberg  
may know prunes,  
but Katy Winters  
knows pits!

IN RUSSIA  
WOMAN WORK  
IN STREETS—  
GET LITTLE MONEY—  
MUCH RESPECT.

IN AMERICA  
WOMAN WORK  
IN STREETS—  
GET LITTLE RESPECT—  
MUCH MONEY!

I can never  
remember whether  
it's Funk or Wagnalls  
who is the passive  
or the active one.

Surveys show  
that single travelers  
are excellent prospects  
for marriage,  
so I've been hanging  
around bus stations.

So then  
I asked Sonny Liston  
if he wore  
boxer type shorts...

There may not be the gold  
to back up our paper money,  
but it's comforting to know  
there's almost three cents  
worth of metal in  
our new half dollars.

Heidi  
put all her money  
in Swiss Banks.





# A Wonderful Way To Go

LAUGH-IN MAGAZINE FUNERAL RECOMMENDATIONS

Your response to our restaurant recommendations in our first issue was so impressive, we thought you might want our Funeral Home recommendations too! In fact, the one follows the other quite conveniently.

## Bixby Brothers Discount Mortuary

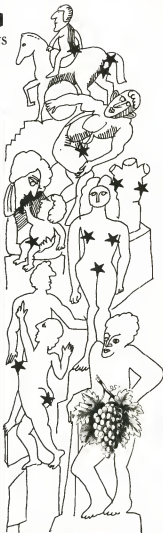
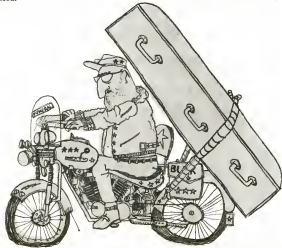
RACINE, WISCONSIN

One of the finest funeral homes in the country since 1934, when Mother Bixby dropped dead from a jar of her own pickled preserves and her two enterprising sons decided to do the job on her themselves and save the money. Bixby's offers complete funerals for as little as \$9.95—if you don't mind your loved one being taken to the grave on the back of a Honda. Bixby's deluxe funeral is only \$39.95—\$29.95 if you give permission to let Bixby's feature the body in their new display window for a few days. This posh funeral includes an actual On-The-Casket Tap Dance by Eleanor Powell and free balloons imprinted with pictures of the deceased.

## Gurney's Family Funeral Chapel

JOHNSON CITY, TEXAS

Robert "Bob" "Tex" Gurney set up this establishment to cash in on the high rate of heart attack deaths resulting from the over-excitement of touring Lyndon Johnson's birthplace. Those who survive the wonder of seeing LBJ's own actual bed often succumb in the adjoining gift shop. "The LBJ curios—kewpie dolls, plastic statues of Bird, specimeo jars of Pedernales River water, and those LBJ false teeth replicas are usually too much for 'em", says "Bob" "Tex" Gurney. Burials in the gift shop crypt: \$49.50. Burial in the Johnson family plot: \$14.95. Sea-type burial on the Pedernales: \$4.95 (plus \$2.00 for a visitor's permit when the body floats across the Mexican border).



## Grassy Lawn,

GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

Grassy Lawn people take care of everything—funeral, cemetery—and oow, thanks to a recent tie-in with the Mafia, everything! This lovely park features over two million dollars worth of fake plaster statuary, mostly, with the crotches plastered over to protect the innocent.

## Bauble, Bangle and Beade Mortuary



KANSAS CITY, MO.

B. B. & B's prices are low because the mortuary is also a second run theater. Friends and relatives of the deceased simply come to a matinee and the casket is wheeled out on stage during intermission. B. B. & B's caskets are always pure white so that if the eulogies get too long, the cartoon can be shown on the side. When the feature starts, the funeral party is welcome to stay for the entire program before burial—which takes place later in the forecourt of the theater, in a wet cement ceremony copied from Grauman's Chinese.

## DEATH CITY



"GO LIKE A STAR!"

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Your closing can look like an opening at Death City. Search lights, an acid rock group, and a bevy of out of work stars from the early fifties can make your funeral say "Pnw!" Death City is the only fun-

eral parlor in the U.S. with a swimming pool! Esther Williams delivers the Eulogy while backstroking. Eight by ten glossies of the deceased are available at 30c each... 35c with the deceased and Troy Donahue together!



LIFE-LIKE TYPE WORK DONE IN A LAUGH-IN RECOMMENDED MORTUARY.



If you crossed  
Tiny Tim with Dr. Timothy Leary...

**you'd have this month's  
new talent sensation**

**tiny timothy!**

again?" are still able to get the laughs they did before on so many other situation comedies.

In the series, Tiny Timothy has a talking Butter Churn—entirely covered with hair. The churn is Tiny's mother, a comedy concept that sent a west coast network executive into the convulsive laughter that led to his choking death.

For a little insurance, The Tiny Timothy Show will have seventeen writers, all with credits from *The Tammy Crimes Show*, *The Real McCoy's*, *AND My Little Margie!* So there's no way the program can miss . . . that is, unless The razor corporation, sponsor of the show, fails to like the star, whom they have not yet seen.

# IT'S NEW TALENT TIME



**GRONGO**, the world's biggest animal performer. Grongo does impression of a large, hairy Kim Novak. Grongo's trainers claim the beast has six more expressions and infinitely more talent than most actresses.

**MR. WIZZARD!** Not exactly NEW talent, but a come-back. Mr. Wizzard is seen here with this week's little girl who shills for him and asks a lot of stupid questions so that Mr. Wizzard can sound smart.



**TAYLOR & BURTON.** A husband and wife team with extraordinary acting talent. Willard Burton and Trixie Taylor are, captured here during Burton's four hour Welsh Soliloquy called LET ME LOITER BY YOUR GOITER, an ode especially written to honor the area of Miss Taylor's tracheotomy scar.



**THE COLA QUEEN.** One of the big hit new acts of the decade. This woman plays **FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE** by smashing cola bottles with an axe. The bottles are filled to varying levels and give a musical ring as they smash; she belts the lyrics as she wields the axe. By her finale (*Bye Bye Blues*), The Cola Queen is often so far out of control, she has to be packed in ice between shows—hence her billing as **THE ACT THAT BEATS THE OTHERS COLD!**

**THE AMAZING DETECTO** stands on stage and actually telephones a Mafia Capo and tells him he plans to reveal his name to the audience and the names of all of the politicians he pays off. One of the most exciting acts in the nation today. Unfortunately, this photograph was taken shortly after The Amazing Detecto's appearance in Cleveland.

WICKY ROONEY  
IS SHORT  
TEMPERED

GOES TO  
BED EARLY

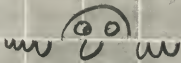
LOVE too.

WHO POLLUTED  
TURHAN BAY

Raymond Burr's  
training wheels

TAB HUNTER  
LIP-SYNCHS

UNCLE SAM LOVES  
AUNTIE POVERTY



NASSER IS A  
MUMMIE'S BOY

MADAME NHU  
IS A  
YENTA

ARM Venus de Milo

CAPTAIN CHRISTIAN  
WAS JEWISH

Luther Burbank  
Pinched Fruits

LET'S GET THE FED  
OUT OF RED CROSS!

ERTO RICO IS  
ER-RUN WITH  
NEW YORKERS!

TARZAN SWINGS  
WITH CHEETAH



J. EDGAR HOOVER  
TALKS IN  
HIS SLEEPS

SON AVE.  
RES THE  
DICAPPED

FOREST  
FIRES  
SMOKES GRASS

SITTING BULL  
DIED FOR  
OUR SING

CONFUSCIOUS WAS  
A BIG MOUTH

REP  
OBS  
MAIL  
OB  
FE

CAUTION!

GUNS MAY BE  
HAZARDOUS  
TO YOUR HEALTH



JACK AND JILL  
ARE JUST  
GOOD FRIENDS

STRETCHER  
BEARERS  
ARE  
CARRIERS

Repeal the 11th  
Commandment  
REPORT OBSCENE  
TO YOUR

PAGE 4000  
WAS NO  
BIPPES

CRAZY HORSE WAS  
AS SURE AS YOU  
OR I!

REAR  
SEEN BE  
WAS A  
DUGOUT





## THE GARY OWENS MURAL

Laugh-In Magazine knows how difficult it is to live in communities devoid of artistic monuments; we're from Burbank. But now, for only \$225,095 (F.O.B. Burbank), your city can proudly boast the world's largest mural — twenty-two magnificent stories of mosaic. By carefully following the instructions in the kit, which consists of 58 million tiny pieces of tile, your public or private building will feature 946 square yards of beloved Gary Owens.

If you purchase the mural kit, be sure to read the directions carefully. Mexico bought one recently, and as you can see by the picture, careless workers screwed it up and the result is not at all recognizable as Gary Owens.

Get yours today! Sales are limited to *one* (1) mural kit to a block; that's for your own protection.





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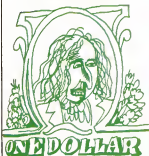
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# Gary Owens inter views PHYL LIS DIL LER



**PHYLIS:** Listen, I know you, Owens... you're one of the few registered sex maniacs in beautiful downtown Burbank!

**GO:** Miss Diller, we're taping this interview for *Laugh-In Magazine*... and of course, we're very excited about your new show on NBC.

**PHYLIS:** Thank you Garish, would you like me to laugh for you?

**GO:** Wonderful Phyllis, I understand you've always had that olympic-sized laugh... even back in grammar school days in lovely Lima, Ohio... by the way... what sort of a hairdo is that?



Hello again... this is America's beloved Gary Owens, speaking off stage where I can't hear me... and rapidly approaching a thin, unusual looking gentleman standing over here. May I have your name sir?



**PHYLIS:** Phyllis Diller! Who'd you think I was, Snooky Lanson?

**GO:** Yes.

20

**GO:** Phyllis, your intimate friends tell me that you have quite a wardrobe... like Barbra Streisand and Carol Channing, your clothes may be far out... but somehow they seem just right for you... what is that cute number you're wearing?

**PHYLIS:** Oh this... this is simply a long monkey fur evening gown... I found it in a tree.

**GO:** How many furs do you have?

**PHYLIS:** About 35... this one, a Somali leopard coat, has a bullet hole in it... I shot it in a pawn shop! And here's one that you might like for your wife or girlfriend.

**GO:** Yes...

**PHYLIS:** I trapped it under my sink!

**GO:** Miss Diller, you don't eat much do you?



**PHYLIS:** No actually, G.O., I am the world's slowest eater... I can knock off 15 pounds just by thinking thin.

**GO:** Just what do you eat?

**PHYLIS:** Only what I crave... once I lived for weeks on tuna fish sandwiches and stayed perfectly healthy... Of course, I grew these terrible fins! By the way, I'd love to invite you and the *Laugh-In* cast over to my place for dinner... I make a wonderful Garbage Soup...

**GO:** Sounds delicious, Phyllis... I know the last time we had dinner you served alphabet soup and hot words passed between us.



**PHYLIS:** Actually, Gary, mine isn't a hairdo, it's a hair don't. The style is called D-D!

**GO:** D-D?

**PHYLIS:** Yes, half-Diller, half-Dirken.

**GO:** It sort of resembles a tray of frightened dental floss...

**PHYLIS:** I'll have you know I was in the beauty parlor for seven hours today... and that was just for the estimate! Actually, I put my hair up at night in hand grenades... and comb it each morning with an electric toothbrush... I get 20 percent less brain cavities that way!



**PHYLLIS:** Oh... shut up.

**GO:** Your kitchen was recently condemned by the Food and Drug people wasn't it?

**PHYLLIS:** Yes, that's true... you know, it's easy to get my stove going... I just light the grease.

**GO:** Do you ever take a beauty nap?

**PHYLLIS:** Well, that's one way of wasting the whole afternoon... I do try all the new products, Mr. Voice... for example I shave off my eyebrows so I can put them where I want them... and I wear false eyelashes day and night... after all who wants bald eyelids?

**GO:** Miss Diller, I know you've been honored by winning many titles... would you care to elaborate?



**PHYLLIS:** No... but I'll tell you about them... here's one on this plaque... see that?

**GO:** Hmmm... pin up girl for the Spanish-American War Veterans... On second thought... let's talk about your books... you're a best-selling authoress... Your "Housekeeping Hints" and "Marriage Manual" were immediate hits... and of course you've had a fantastic TV and night club career... where did you get started?

**PHYLLIS:** Well, Garish, it started in a laundromat in Alameda, California.

**GO:** I once owned an all night buggy whip store there...

**PHYLLIS:** I used to do beauty parlor jokes while waiting for my wash... I guess I was a scream... you know there are funny women in every group... the trouble is most of them don't know what to do about it.

**GO:** Excuse me, but I was just noticing your hubcap-shaped diamond ring... 93 carats, right?



**PHYLLIS:** Some days I get Channel 4 on it.

**GO:** I imagine that the producers of your TV show, Saul Turteltaub and Bernie Orenstein, are pretty excited about your new program?

**PHYLLIS:** They should be pretty excited with names like that!

**GO:** It's a good thing they don't star in a show of their own... you couldn't find a theater marquis long enough to hold their names... speaking of names, who helped you most on the road to success?

**PHYLLIS:** Seriously, G.O., it was Bob Hope and Jack Parr...

**GO:** Oh, yes, I've heard of them.

**PHYLLIS:** As a matter of fact, the third film I did with Bob is out now... "The Private Navy of Sgt. O'Farrell"... we made it in Puerto Rico.

**GO:** I know Bob has lovingly described you as Dr. Zorba's mother... and the Liz Taylor of the Twilight Zone...



**PHYLLIS:** Yes, he also said I look like someone who went to the electric chair... and lived.

**GO:** Oh that Bob... well we certainly concur. Phyllis, I'd like to thank you so much for being our special guest on today's Laugh-In Magazine interview... by the way, I'd like you to meet my faithful photographer, Kato... Kenny Lieu.

**PHYLLIS:** How nice, a kamikaze cameraman...

**GO:** And now for being our special guest we'd like to present you with this list of prizes... a new Cadillac Eldorado... a mink stole... and a weekend for two in Monte Carlo... give her the list, Kenny.

我的女友顏蓮拿手製  
啖鴉飽大飽及蓮蓉  
大飽請妳大食一吨  
任食不忌!在迷東酒家



**PHYLLIS:** Where are the prizes... this is just the list?

**GO:** Who said anything about getting the prizes? Scratch gravel, big fellow... this is Gary Owens being chased in beautiful downtown Burbank by beautiful Phyllis Diller, and returning you to our main magazine...

# PAY ATTENTION QUIZ

## TEST YOURSELF ON THE NEWS

Last Month, a lot of you proved you weren't watching Laugh-In carefully enough. Naturally, we were shocked and hurt. But, we realize Laugh-In viewers have normal interruptions and sometimes have their attention diverted ... you know ... cops breaking the door down, your grandmother torn from the room by a sex-crazed gorilla, the Avon lady hurling heavy jars of face cream through your plate glass window, and your kitchen sink belching up a 16 foot python that's been in the water system for six generations. We know these things come up and you can't give the show 100% attention. **BUT YOU MUST WATCH THE NEWS!** A free Society depends on an informed society.

### Sep. 1 on Walter Cronkite



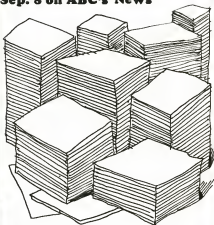
- Did you see the Audubon Society in an orgy?
- Did you see Patty Duke tear a telephone directory delivery man in half?
- Did you see Ann-Margret apply underarm deodorant to a wart hog?

### Sep. 5 on Huntley - Brinkley



- Did you see Tippi Hedren torment the Jolly Green Giant with a long stick?
- Did you see Joanne Worley eat a live chicken?
- Did you see Troy Donahue drink a gallon of cheap muscatel from Greta Garbo's slipper?

### Sep. 8 on ABC's News



- Did you see Eddie Fisher throw up on a stack of his unsold albums?
- Did you see Speaker John McCormick and Sal Mineo Bite each other?
- Did you see Dick Clark try to bring back his acne?

### Sep. 14 Frank Magee Report



- A. Did you see the Lone Ranger sell Silver to a dog food manufacturer.
- B. Did you see the Lone Ranger sell Tonto to a dog food manufacturer?
- C. Did you see the Pure Food & Drug people reject both Tonto and Silver as unfit for sale as dog food?

### Sep. 22 on Walter Cronkite



- A. Did you see Walter Cronkite go berserk and slash off his left ear?
- B. Did you see Kim Novak push a player piano out a 47 story window onto a midget?
- C. Did you see the Longines Symphonettes molest a demented ice cream vendor?

### Sep. 18 on Roger Mudd's News



- A. Did you see Lyndon B. Johnson receive six heads of state in his sweat-soaked khakis?
- B. Did you see Lyndon B. Johnson in a belching contest with Pearl Mesta?
- C. Did you see Lyndon B. Johnson blow bubbles in his milk with a straw at a State Dinner?

### Sep. 25 on Huntley · Brinkley



- A. Did you see Chet Huntley go berserk and devour a giant chocolate replica of General Sarnoff?
- B. Did you see Farley Granger jam a crayon up his nose?
- C. Did you see Victor Mature dump 2,000 bottles of soy sauce on Anna Mae Wong's grave?



A POX ON COLONEL SANDERS

GALLO BROTHERS

ARE SOUR

GRAPES.

Winos get hung on Gallo's!

A raisin is a grape on Social Security.

KIT CARSON SOLD SCOUT COOKIES.

KLEENEX IS NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT

Being a pansy is no bed of roses

Spiro Agnew is Greek To Me

KING RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED WAS A TRANSPLANT

The rhythm method is a bitter pill

MRS SMUCKER SPREADS IT AROUND

If it feels good, do it

Sex pots never pan out

Hugh Hefner has hare-raising adventures.



## The Laugh-In Magazine Philosophy

The response to last month's Philosophy was overwhelming. We received literally thousands of calls and letters and we don't mind telling you if you keep it up, we'll turn the whole matter over to the Police Obscenity Squad.

Our worst suspicions have been confirmed — you are all in desperate need of our Philosophy. You are twisted and sick when it comes to this unmentionable subject.

Much more encouraging, Laugh-In Magazine has at last straightened Hugh Hefner out. This poor devil was engaged in all manner of activities, but thanks to our Philosophy, he's stopped doing what he was doing. He is now ready for the second step. He needs our list of replacements for his previous activity. Just remember, Mr. Hefner, deviate from our list and there's no telling what will happen to your mind.

1. Bathe several times a day in a lukewarm vat of raw oysters while chewing on a pair of Everett Dirksen's Keds.
2. Feel a bicycle seat while watching an old Vera Hrubá Ralston movie.
3. Strap yourself to the ceiling and watch one of the June Taylor Dancers writhing around on the floor.
4. Lie naked on sharp gravel and let a low flying helicopter trickle apple cider over you.
5. Have a eunuch hit you with wet tennis balls.

6. Expose a lewd photo of Ching Kai-Shek at a crowded lingerie counter.

7. Undress in the presence of a dead beaver.

8. Shave Richard Nixon's back while reading the underwear section of the Sears, Roebuck catalog.

You'll soon find you'll enjoy these things much more than anything before. You'll look back and wonder how you ever wanted to do anything else.

The Wisdom Of The East can be of great help to you in these matters. Fortunately for you, we have a well known seer on staff. If you find yourself running into temptation, you would do well to remember his words:

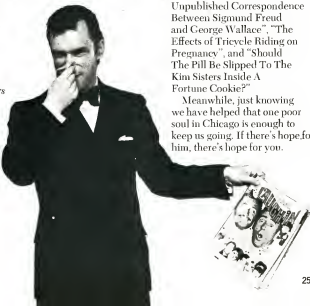
"HUMAN LUST, LIKE THE SERPENT MOVING TOWARD THE EASTERN SUN, SHALL NOT HAVE A PIT TO HISS IN".

"THE STROKE OF THE PENDULUM SHALL CAUSE CARE TO GROW IN THE PSALMS OF YOUR LANDS."

"THE LOINS OF THE SINFUL, LIKE THE SEED OF THE CANTELOPE, IS TO LIFE'S PLAN AS THE BIRD TO THE HAND OR THE TWO TO THE BUSH."

Reflect on these thoughts each day until we give you some new ones next month. When we feel you have advanced enough, we'll delve into such subjects as "The Erotic Implications of Tiny Tim's Halloween Costume", "The Construction of Holiday Inns in Sodom and Gomorrah", "The Unpublished Correspondence Between Sigmund Freud and George Wallace", "The Effects of Tricycle Riding on Pregnancy", and "Should The Pill Be Slipped To The Kim Sisters Inside A Fortune Cookie?"

Meanwhile, just knowing we have helped that one poor soul in Chicago is enough to keep us going. If there's hope for him, there's hope for you.





# The Many Faces of Arte Johnson

The man behind Laugh-In's favorite characters is a quiet intellectual who can see both the serious and funny side of life at the same time.

by Ralph Benner

Hidden behind the masks of all the characters he portrays is an Arte Johnson that few people know well. He admits that "The most difficult character I play is myself. The real me is the guy next door, and who wants to see the guy next door!"

On Laugh-In nobody gets the chance to see the guy next door. It's always the German soldier or the Maharishi or the little Russian or any one of a number of characters, all played to perfection by Arthur Stanley Johnson. Even when he's not in front of the cameras, Arte's rarely himself. At rehearsals, Arte wanders

from person to person dressed as an old man, cracking jokes and exchanging banter. He walks as an old man walks, and speaks as an old man speaks. Arte has actually become the character he's portraying.

Fortunately, he has mastered the ability of getting in his car after work and returning to reality. "If I couldn't do this," he explains, "I'd be a schizoid of the first order. I'd wind up psychotic."

"In my private life I'm a very normal guy. My interests are books, art, antiques, and music. I like very simple things. I'm also very handy around the house and can fix electricity, plumbing, paint walls and cook my own meals. I do all the things that are everyday."

Recently wed for the second time, Arte and his German-born wife Gisela, make their home in half of a tastefully decorated duplex in West Los Angeles. The other half is occupied by his brother, Coslough, one of the 14 writers on the Laugh-In show.

The Johnson brothers have always been close. Both grew up in Chicago where their parents still live in an apartment on Lakeshore Drive. "Arte was always hysterically funny," Coslough insists. "He never really tried to be. He just was. As far as having theatrical ambitions, I don't think he did. It just sort of happened."

This happening has been occurring for the past 15 years, the length of time Arte has been involved in show business. After graduating from journalism school at the University of Illinois, he journeyed to New York and did promotion work for a publishing company. Being around actors and creative people all day and all night began to get under Arte's skin. He'd never thought seriously about an acting career for himself, but one night at a party someone threw him a dare to tryout the following day for a Broadway musical.

Arte's not one to back down on anything, so the next morning he reported for the tryouts bright and early. That same afternoon he got a part in his first Broadway show.

From then on it was a fast climb through successful engagements on the Broadway stage, small club acts in and around New York City, TV and radio commercials, movie pictures, and now, of course, Laugh-In.

During all these many years of performing, Arte's rarely had the opportunity to do what he loves best: sing! "Basically, I'm a singer. I started out as a singer on the Broadway stage, and I'd really like to do more of it."

"The earliest thing I can remember about Arte is that he had a gor-



(Continued from previous page)

geous voice," his brother recalls. "He's very musically inclined and plays good clarinet and saxophone."

Arte is inclined to be overly serious about most aspects of his life. A perfectionist, he spends months on a characterization before unveiling it on the show. "I get most of my ideas from viewing people, but some come from imagination." He speaks slowly and thoughtfully, his conversation generously sprinkled with words most people need a dictionary to understand. Currently, Arte is attempting to keep a comfortable balance between his home life and career. "I look to the recognition I'm now receiving, but at the same time I like my anonymity very much. It's getting increasingly difficult to separate my private life from my public image, and I want very much to do this."

Up to now Arte has had his own way about dodging publicity. When the show goes on personal appearances, he can be standing right next to Judy Carne and the fans will swarm around her asking for autographs and souvenirs. No one pays the least attention to Arte, who's being himself.

Slight of build, just under 5½ feet tall, with light brown hair, Arte Johnson could be almost any age. He looks much the same today as he did in college. When he wants, Arte can lose himself in a room full of people, but if he chooses to be the life of the party, it takes but two or three remarks to draw all eyes toward him.

"Depending on the people I'm around, I can be funny or serious, but I don't like to be ON all the time. I won't sit with a bunch of comics and trade jokes. I don't do it well and I don't enjoy it. I'm a great audience for other comics and a good listener."

Since *Laugh-In* began, Arte has made a studied attempt not to see other comedians perform because he's afraid that by osmosis he may pick up something from their act. Certain types of comedy turn Arte off completely. "I can't stand anything corny or old-fashioned. I like the unexpected in what I do. In some types of comedy you know what will happen before it happens. I can't do these."

"I dislike doing anything that involves me physically in my work. I'm very concerned about activities that might infringe upon my health in any way. I recognize the fact that my family depends upon my physical well-

being in order to live. If they did to me on the show what they do to Judy Carne, I'd die. She apparently is the strongest member of the cast physically."

Other types of humor which are off Arte's list include height jokes and pushing pies in a lady's face. "I don't want to do this kind of humor. It's not my bag. Physically I'm not a big guy and I deplore humor which is based on height. I'll contribute to height jokes if I think they're legitimately funny without having to resort to the height aspect."

Arte respects good slapstick, but believes it to be a fine art and feels that it takes a top performer to bring this type of comedy into its own. "I know I can get into a lot of arguments over this, but my feeling is a good comedy actor can play drama, but a good dramatic actor can not necessarily play comedy. The timing element is something that cannot be trained."

When he's not actively involved in his work, Arte constantly prepares for it by extensive reading and observation of all aspects of life. He reads mostly non-fiction, being especially fond of historic coverage of the Civil War. Many of his routines are based on his readings. "I can take a line out of a non-fiction book based on fact, then take off on the ridiculous aspects of it." Among those things currently on Arte's mind:

**TODAY'S YOUTH:** "I'm all for them. I only wish we had questioned more things when we were young. We always allowed ourselves to say that the older people were right. Well, through the generations, it's been proven that the older people haven't been right, otherwise the world wouldn't be in the mess it is right now. It's about time we let the young people try their hand."

**TODAY'S MUSIC:** "It's groovy. It has social comment and a great drive. It has a quality that is vibrant and young, but I don't understand the noise to it."

**BASEBALL:** "I fall asleep by the fifth inning. In a nation where we do things fast and there's action always, it amazes me that baseball should be called our national sport because it's such a drag to watch."

**CENSORSHIP:** "I am against all forms of it. Who is so magnificent that they can appoint themselves as an arbiter of taste?"

**TELEVISION:** "I watch very little of it. I watch *Laugh-In*, but it's the first time I've watched anything I've done on TV and I've been in over 100 shows. When I see myself on the show, I'm laughing because I literally don't remember having done the things I'm watching. Sometimes I even think Arte Johnson is a pretty funny man."

**FAN MAIL:** I try very hard to read and answer each letter I get. I don't have a secretary so it gets extremely difficult at times, but it's nice to know that there's somebody out there who enjoys us."

Watching Arte Johnson at *Laugh-In* rehearsals is almost more of a treat than viewing him on TV. He's in and out of several costume changes per day and with these go an entirely new personality. The "old man" is turned on by Ruth Buzzi and can't keep his hands off her; the Maharishi is stand-offish and quiet, seriously giving quotations of advice to any who will listen; the German soldier is often caught muttering such off-camera statements to friends as "Don't talk to me like that while I'm wearing this uniform!"

In any and all of his characterizations, Arte is a constant giggle to have around. But if you ask the *Laugh-In* regulars who their favorite Johnson character is, they'll vote unanimously for Arte the man, even if Arte Johnson the actor probably won't agree.



## BEACH PARTY TEEN QUEEN

This picture just might be the finest of the Malibu kid type pictures. The uncomplicated story is refreshing as are the actors who play the youngsters at their leisure. Doris Day is cast as cute little seventeen year old Spunkie Sweet, who comes to Malibu as innocent as she is perky, and determined she can be a surfer with the boys without giving up what daddy told her to keep. Daddy is played by Wayne Newton.



**Makeup man attempts to make aging star look younger.**

When Spunkie is lured into the posh beach house of surfing champion Neddie Rappe, played by Brian Aherne, she realizes he has taken advantage of her when he tells her he is twenty-three years old. Spunkie escapes only when Neddie senses her innocence is genuine and his conscience buckles.

Miss Day gives a convincing performance as a teenager. The studio is to be commended for its expenditure of \$50,000 for the development of artificial acne. One only becomes uneasy about the performers' ages when, in a bathing suit scene, the star is seen to have a tattoo of Fatty Arbuckle. When Spunkie gives Neddie his pin back, it turns out to be a Warren G. Harding for President button. In the firelight beach drinking scenes, both Spunkie and Neddie are sipping Postum with a Serutan chaser. When a giant wave takes both their surfboards into the rocks, emergency medical treatment is handled by Medicare. Also, a varicose vein contest on the Malibu pier seems a little unusual for a kid picture. It is extremely difficult to tell whether the principals are well-tanned or just suffering from chronic liver spots. Otherwise, this is one of the finest motion pictures produced this year.



## MOVIE REVIEWS



### Wanda and Murial

This frankly shocking story involving two women caught in a web of torment and desire comes to the screen with all of the searing abandonment of the old taboos one might see in a few of the other films currently in release with the same theme: *Fred and Carl*, *Ortin and Melvin*, *Harriet and Gretta*, *Dorothy and Mildred*, *Clarence and Ned*, *Mary and Jane*, *Dick*

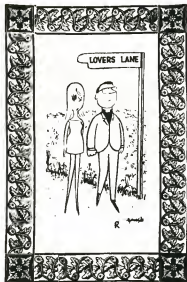
and *Selwyn*, *Walter and Lyndon*, *Helen and Sue*, *Sheila and Margret*, *Basil and Manfredo*, *Ludwig and Hans*, *Rhonda and Alice*, *Marjoria and Patty*, *Bert and Tony*, and *Laurie and Gretchen*.

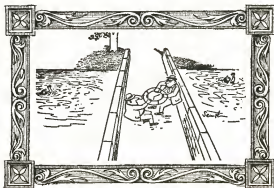
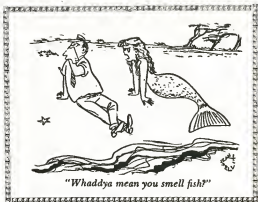
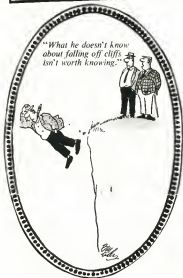
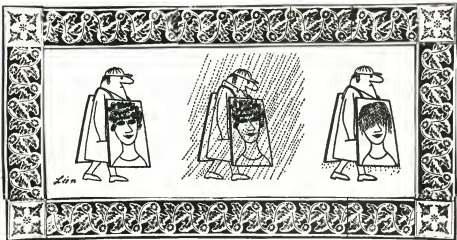
Wanda, a shy and sensitive cross country locomotive engineer, meets Murial, a lonely and misunderstood girl's camp boxing instructor — and the two become fast friends. The pivotal event of the story comes when Wanda meets — and thinks she loves — the train brakeman, skillfully played by Ringo Starr. From here on, the story minces no words... although Ringo minces a little from time to time.

Enraged, Murial puts her fighting technique into play and virtually destroys Wanda's entire train with her bare fists. Wanda, not wanting to see Murial in this disturbed condition, offers a splendid pacifying gesture to her old friend; she throws the brakeman into the locomotive furnace. The picture ends with the two women going hand-in-hand to a dramatic presentation of *The Well of Loneliness*, enacted by a troupe of barnstorming midgets.



**Jealous, Murial destroys Wanda's train.**







# WE MUST SEEK A FINAL SOLUTION FOR BENNETT CERF!

The 1967-68 television year was the richest in history because of the absence of *What's My Line?* Sunday night viewers accustomed to Bennett Cerf's puns were suddenly set free. Tragically, it isn't over yet. Mr. Cerf has been appearing on sit-down interview shows and is still delivering the puns. Also, as head of Random House he has plastered every book stall in the nation with his collections of puns. Laugh-In Magazine calls upon every American to put a stop to Mr. Cerf's puns. If Federal action is required, then let's get at it. We must seek the final solution for Bennett Cerf and his puns . . . puns like:

Why did the chicken cross the road?

For Fowl reasons.

What did one casket say to the other casket?

Is that you coffin?

Why did the three little pigs leave home?

Their father was a boar.

What should a man know before trying to teach a dog?

More than the dog.

How do you make a Maltese cross?

Pull in tail.

Why did the moth eat the rug?

To see the floor show.

Why is a pig's tail like getting up at 4:40 A.m.?

It's twirly.

What's the best thing to take when you're run down?

The license number of the car that hit you.

How can you avoid falling hair?

Jump out of the way.

What's the real reason men and women go to nudist camps?

To air their differences.

How can you make pants last?

Make the coam and vent first.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Hailing taxis.

What is green and has bucket seats?

A sports olive.

What is small, purple, and very dangerous?

A grape with a submachine gun.

What is green and dances?

Fred Asparagus.

What's yellow, soft, and goes round and round?

A long-playing cassette.

What's yellow and writes?

A ball-point banana.

WHIPLASH IS A PAIN IN THE NECK



LOVE AN  
ELF FOR  
HIMSELF!

TWA is  
a fly-by-night  
outfit.

The  
guillotine  
is  
ouchless



This is still Howard Hughes.  
We will continue to publish  
his picture until he buys this  
magazine ... not a copy ...  
the whole company.



The Timex works;

John Cameron Swayze has stopped ticking.

Non-Catholic pullman porters practice berib-control.



Pneumonia  
is nothing  
to sneeze at.

Little Bo Peep

Humpty  
Dumpty  
was a fall-guy.



♥ The three  
musketeers had  
separate bedrooms  
♥



.ATTENTION J. EDGAR HOOVER...YOU'VE TAPPED YOUR OWN PHONE.





And here with the  
news of the  
present  
is the man  
without whom the  
news wouldn't be  
the news without  
the news.....

Heeeeeeeerrrr  
rrrrrrrsssss  
ssssssss Dickie!

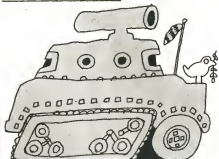
May the good fairy fly up your  
wind chimes and tinkle itself  
to death.



# NEWS PRESENT



**HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA:** Film favorite Rock Hudson today jabbed his eye out and filled his swimming pool with hot chicken soup in a determined bid for the lead in the Moshe Dayan Story.



**MOSCOW:** Premier Kosygin today flatly denied a USSR invasion of Czechoslovakia, stating the vehicles on the streets of Prague were not tanks, but demonstration models of the 1967 Volga 6 passenger sedan. He expressed confidence in the persuasive abilities of the 600,000 used car salesmen sent along to assist the Czechs in understanding the ultimate product of the socialist system.



**NOME, ALASKA:** 2,000 rioting Eskimos, demanding a Guaranteed Annual Blubber supply, tonight put the torch to their neighborhood and caused six igloos to melt to the street.



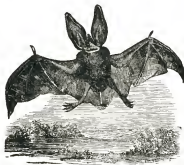
**JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA:** Publicity fan Dr. Christian Barnard today revealed his plan to host a forthcoming CBS quiz show called The Transplant Game. Two housewives and two second-rate stars will answer questions; winning team gets the transplanted hearts of the sacrificed losers.



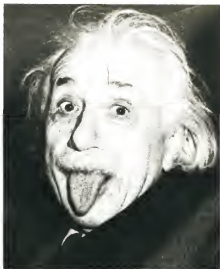
# NEWS PAST



**1540 CHOLUA, MEXICO**—Mexican leader Montezuma met with Hernando Cortez today in an effort to work the details of an exchange of four billion dollars worth of gold, silver, and precious stones for a three week supply of bottled water.



**1960 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA**—Screen star Bela Lugosi died peacefully today in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital as a result of a silver spike driven through the heart.



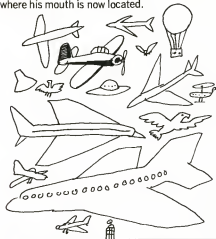
**1906 BERNE, SWITZERLAND**—Professor Albert Einstein, noted physicist, was ejected from a local restaurant today for writing  $E=Mc^2$  on the tablecloth while eating a bowl of Campbell's Alphabet soup.



**1938 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA**—Actress Sonja Henie received a special Oscar tonight as the worst actress of the 1930's. In accepting, she fell off the stage and severely lacerated six violinists with her ice skates.

# news future

**1988 NEW YORK**—Ed Sullivan flatly denied having his 54th face lift in the past thirty years. Mr. Sullivan made the denial from his forehead, where his mouth is now located.



**1988 NEW YORK**—A spokesman for the Civil Aeronautics Authority stated today that Pilot Amelia Earhart was not missing in the Pacific as previously believed, but has been stacked up over JFK International Airport since July of 1937.



**1988 SAUDI ARABIA**—Formerly oil rich King Ibn Faisal Ahmed Ben-Ali today announced the first good news since all U.S. automobiles abandoned the gasoline engine almost 20 years ago. The king stated geologists have recently discovered an incredibly rich deposit of flashlight batteries beneath the Arabian desert.



**1988 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA**—Greta Garbo, now elderly, admitted today that her 40 year retirement was a hoax. She stated that she had appeared in over 2300 movies as Gale Storm, Bonita Granville, Sandra Dee, and Annette Funicello.



**1988 GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA**—Forest Lawn conducted the largest funeral in it's history today as 15,000 people came to pay homage to singer Judy Garland, who died of natural causes. Unfortunately, Miss Garland failed to show up and entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr. was buried in her place.

very.  
interesting.



ROWAN & MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN FLS 15118

...but funny!  
the fantastic new comedy  
album on





.....NBC'S LANCER IS GOOD FOR YOUR BOILS.....



# ASTROLOGY



## VIRGO

OCT. 26—NOV. 3

**Kim Novak, Buster Crabbe, Ina Rae Hutton, Regis Philbin**  
Your sun-mars conjunction is in a phase of domination of your tenth house. Avoid shaving Broderick Crawford's back between 3:30 and 5:00 PM on Saturdays. While the sun is in its harmonious eclipse condition, do not pick a water buffalo's nose.

## LIBRA

NOV. 4—NOV. 6

**Lyndon B. Johnson, Spade Cooley, Davy Jones, Madam Chang Kai-shek**  
Mercury's fate patterns indicate contract should be entered into before noon. Do not put pizza into a Maytag washer because of Jupiter's counter-pulling effect. While solar aspects are poor, do not hit Governor Lester Maddox with an over-ripe Casaba melon.



## TARGA

NOV. 7 ONLY  
**Deanna Durbin**

Uranus and Pluto are in their fourth house and you will therefore never be a singing star again. Do not pay for the six million 8x10 glossies you have ordered.

It's not a lot of unscientific garbage as intelligent, non-superstitious people think. It's the real thing... and you'd better follow it!

## TIGGLIA

NOV. 8—NOV. 13

**The Lennon Sisters, The Osmond Brothers, The Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and Winnie Ruth Judd**  
As Mercury squares your twelfth house, strap moldy bacon strips all over your body and leap into a vat of diet cola. Avoid romantic attachment to Penguins. Do not eat lichee nuts with midgets before the Neptunian factor peaks.

## NORSTRATUS

NOV. 14—NOV. 17

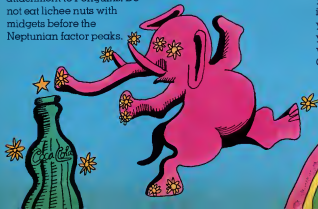
**Dan Blocker, Roy Rogers, Attila The Hun, Bert Parks, Lady Bird**

Venus, in conjunct with your ruling sun sign will cause you to attack an Eskimo with tweezers. Hold all personal meetings before five AM because of your dominant Saturn period, do not stroke an iguana with a Hubbard squash before your Moon Phase is eclipsed.

## NOGA

NOV. 17—NOV. 26

**Martin Borman, George Wallace, Mao Tse-tung, Godzilla, and Sandra Dee**  
While the sun sign is in its eighth house, do not make movies or newsreels. Come to think of it, do not make them at any time. When your Mars-Moon conjunction is in its final phase, destroy yourselves by plugging your noses and mouths with twelve boxes of dry Girl Scout Cookies.



# MARRIAGE REVEALED

Popular Miss Burbank contest winner Debbie Sweeney today revealed her marriage to Shoe Magnate Harry Klutz, prominent and rich millionaire. "Harry and I been married for years," said Miss Sweeney. "And if he don't admit it, I got him on at least a dozen charges!" Miss Sweeney won the Miss Burbank title for her recitation of the complete works of the Marquis De Sade and her singing of Ave Maria.

The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmo "Bob" Sweeney were contacted for a statement on their daughter's announcement. "We was thrilled to death," said the Sweeneys. "We knew when she hired that detective and got them pictures, he was a goner." Mr. Sweeney further stated he was about to take employment in one of the Klutz Shoe Stores.

When reached for comment on his wife's surprising announcement, Magnate Harry Klutz directed all questions to the man to whom he has given the contract to handle the entire matter, a Mr. Vespuchio "Hit" Linguini, a former associate of Mickey Cohen.

## Society of Beautiful Downtown Burbank



Popular High School Coach Binkie Bunston.

## Burbank High School Coach Speaks At PTA Banquet

One of Burbank's favorite teachers, Coach Binkie Bunston, addressed the Burbank PTA last night on the topic "What Football Did For Me, It Can Do For Your Son!" Coach Bunston spoke through an interpreter because of his syntax and grammatical difficulties. At the conclusion of the evening, Marvin D. Whoon, School Board Member, announced Coach Bunston was the board's choice for Superintendent of Schools. "He's a regular guy," said Whoon. "None of that fancy-pants 'culture' crud... just good solid values".

Coach Bunston urged PTA members to toughen up their kids with football and his own "home method", which he generously demonstrated by repeatedly smashing his head into a brick wall. The only misfortune of the evening befell Merwin Thesp, frail and sensitive dramatic teacher in Coach Bunston's school. When the formerly unemployed actor questioned Bunston on an academic point, the coach inflicted what doctors report to be possibly fatal injuries.

## BURBANK WOMAN WINS TRIP TO JAPAN!

Prominent Burbank appliance saleswoman, Murna Spleet, is currently visiting Japan as a result of placing first in a national appliance sales contest in which she sold over 300 portable electric hernia massage machines. Ironically, Miss Spleet suffered a hernia herself while making delivery of the machines. While in Japan, she plans to look into the transistorized trow, recently developed in that country.

Miss Spleet's trip has been marred by her brief arrest at the Tokyo Airport for her attempt to lock herself in the Pan American airplane's lady's room and flush 2000 anti-Pearl Harbor leaflets onto the city below. American Embassy officials secured her release when they learned she was a distant relative of Sonny Tufts.



Burbank Woman decides to fly Japan Air Lines.



Shoe Store Magnate Marries Ex Miss Burbank

## BURBANK UNIVERSITY CLUB MEETS FOR LUNCHEON

Members of the Burbank University Club met yesterday for a Luncheon at which the principal speaker was the President of the club, 97 year old Skippy Funston, the only member to have finished high school.

The club's current president, Lyle Floek, attended Burbank High for three months and claims to hold several degrees from the Spooner

Elitist Studies of Science School in Biloxi, Mississippi. Confirmation of this academic achievement was impossible as the school is now in new hands and specializes in Tap and Ballroom dancing.

Topic of Funston's address was *Whither Goest Youth?*, a speech he has been making since the turmoil caused by the death of president McKinley in 1904. Three times during the talk, Funston had to be revived by the Burbank Fire Department pulmonator squad. At the conclusion of Funston's address, police took the venerable scholar away on an unpaid traffic violation warrant.



## Burbank Couple Plan Anniversary Party

Friends and relatives of Grover and Emelda Blooger, popular Burbank Society couple, are planning an anniversary party for the pair this coming Saturday morning, immediately after Emelda's release on a recent assault charge. When queried about the party, Grover Blooger expressed surprise. Blooger is able to communicate by blinking his eyes and the attendants at Saint Joseph's Hospital

## JUNIOR ASSISTANCE LEAGUE ATTACKED BY ALBINO HUNCHIES!

The Junior Assistance League members were sharply rebuked yesterday for their attempt to aid Albino Hunchbacks. The charity group had collected over three thousand dollars worth of items they regarded as essential to the well-being of the Albino Hunchbacks... namely, canned zucchini, skipropes, and zithers... and when

attempting to distribute the goods, the ladies were severely bitten on the ankles and calves. Many returned home with a determination never to assist A-H's again. Mrs. Ortin Tinkle, new president of the League, is attempting to organize the ladies for one more try as a memorial to the previous League president, Lilla Jean Frig, who died yesterday from zither lacerations.

Mrs. Tinkle plans a telethon with a goal of \$5,000 which will go directly into the acquisition of halls of tinfoil, which the Albino Hunchbacks are said to be saving. Highlight of the telethon will be the extraction of Ann-Margret's teeth, which will go on auction to fans and A-H supporters. Former film favorite Buster Crabbe has generously donated six of his gall stones for the same purpose.

are able to understand him. It is hoped he will be released in time for the festivities.

Emelda Blooger is remembered as the popular Burbank debutante who gained fame as a roller derby star and later attracted nationwide attention to the city of Burbank by demolishing a Sears, Roebuck store on the *You Asked For It Show*.

# A CENTURY OF PROGRESS BURBANK'S 100TH YEAR

## 1868 The drama and excitement of 100 great Burbank years. 1968

Buster "Buster" Burbank, founder of the City of Burbank and known as the Illegitimate Father of Burbank, is seen here being restrained by Grover Glendale, founder of a nearby city, North Hollywood. Shortly after founding Burbank, Burbank killed himself by sealing off all nine apertures of his body with cooked cereal.



**1870**  
Nothing happened.

**1873**  
Burbank's duller year so far.

**1875**  
Duller than 1873.



**1878**  
Pitiful year.

**1881**  
Exceptionally empty year.

**1884**  
Burbank man buys plow; attempts first free flight with it. Fails.

**1886**  
First Burbank-manufactured product; Burbank After-Shave Skin Bracer. City attracts national attention as millions march to witness stand and testify against product.



**1888**  
Burbank still upset over court case. Fearless civic leader drinks product to demonstrate harmlessness. Dies instantly and causes pallbearers to suffer acid burns from just carrying casket.

**1890**  
Dull year.

**1893**  
Burbank man buys chicken, charges 25¢ to see it. Largest attendance in Burbank history.

**1897**  
Nothing happened all year.



## 1899

Burbank people think end of world will come in 1900.

## 1900

World does not end. Burbank people are forced to go on living in Burbank.



## 1903

*Burbank finds it's man of vision.* Lytell R. Smoots has envisioned a Burbank with giant industry, countless man-made wonders, prosperity, scenic beauty unmatched anywhere, and happy artisans plying their gifts for the enrichment of a truly advanced Burbank Civilization. Unfortunately, Burbank's man of vision was found dead by a demented nightwatchman.

## 1905

Dull year.

## 1907

Much worse than 1905.

## 1909

Whew!

## 1912

*The big year for Burbank!*

Someone remembers Luther Burbank had something to do with plants and things, so the City of Burbank stages it's first annual FESTIVAL OF THE NAKED JAPANESE GARDENERS.

Hundreds of Japanese Gardeners run naked through Burbank's main street, waving their hands in the air and trying to catch a transistorized hedge clipper. Festival makes Burbank world famous. Gardeners mysteriously try to persuade city to change its name to Pearl Harbor.

## 1915

Pancho Villa admits the thought of Burbank infuriated him into the idea of border raids.

## 1917

U.S. declares war on Germany. Burbank Brigade is formed but mistakenly takes freighter to Bolivia.

## 1919

Armistice is signed. Special citation to Burbank Brigade for killing 700 Bolivians. Burbank people know it isn't *where* you fight, it's *how* well.

## 1920

Beautiful Burbank planner named! Carmello Zap is named to head the Beautiful Downtown Burbank Planning

Committee. Shortly afterward, half the city inexplicably sinks several feet lower than the other half. Carmello says it looks OK to him.



## 1923

Burbank Mayor is discovered to have 43 lb. gall stone.

## 1925

Burbank city council attempts to persuade 6-year old Amelia Earnard to make first solo tricycle trip around world.

## 1926

A nothing year.

## 1927

Amelia Earhart tricycle is reported missing.

## 1928

Burbank invites King of England to visit Burbank.

## 1929

No answer from King of England yet.

## 1930

Depression hits Burbank. Things were always so bad, Burbank enjoys sharp rise in living standard when depression from the rest of country hits.

## 1933

Still nothing from King of England.



### 1934

Lovely new NURN Hotel opens. The Nurn includes a Trailways Bus stop, but will not allow pets.

### 1935

King George V dies. Many feel he preferred death to accepting Burbank's invitation.

### 1941

Japanese attack what they think is Burbank. Confusion about the name causes great damage to the innocent target of Pearl Harbor.

### 1947

Favorite automobile of Burbank is the Tucker. Kaiser-Frasier is second.

### 1950

Chicken Delight revokes the Burbank Franchise because dealer was deep frying the cartons and delivering the chickens live.

### 1954

Burbank's dullest year.

### 1955

Heirs of Buster Burbank demand city change it's name.

Heirs of Luther Burbank do not sue, but are sick about it.

### 1960

Burbank newspaper makes typographical error on date. Entire Burbank population thinks it's 1920 and write in Harding and Cox on election day.

### 1964

Very dull year. Probably the worst.

### 1966

Burbank Museum opens. Most precious possession is large gall stone from early-day Mayor.

### 1967

Nothing happened.

### 1968

Former Miss Burbank returns to triumphantly represent her city by riding on the Burbank float in the New Year's Day Rose Parade. The float will be festooned with more than 20,000 ragweed plants and Miss Burbank will throw Burbank sample products from Burbank Screw & Dye. Rowan and Martin enter Burbank to do Laugh-In. Burbank's *worst* year.



Too many  
young people today  
want to Lie Down  
In Green Pastures  
without earning it.  
They want to  
enter the pasture  
—and step into  
something soft!

Sleeping Beauty was a drag

Tiny Tim is Rosemary's  
Baby.

A gigolo is a bird hand

LIFE BEGINS AT 40  
... THOUSAND

Rape is friendlier than cream

Napalm gives  
you heartburn.

Walking  
3rd Ave.  
is very fruitful.

Tiny Tim!  
Get off  
Bob Cratchet's  
back!

What  
ever  
happened to Dick  
Contino?





# There just wouldn't be a show without Judy Carne

## Laugh-In's stunt runt!

by Ralph Benner



It is written that to become an important female star in Hollywood a girl must have talent and be willing to do anything. Judy Carne is a living example of this theory. During the past nine months of her career, Judy has allowed herself to be shot out of a cannon, dropped through trap doors, punched in the stomach by prizefighters, dunked in water, hit in the face with a baseball bat, and had her head cut off! For some actresses the casting couch would be a much easier road to success. But not for Judy.

"At last," she laughs, "people are beginning to notice me. And the majority of them are men! The attitude of the people on the street has changed toward me because of Laugh-In. Suddenly, I've lost the Mary Jane Housewife image. Men whistle a lot now, and sometimes I feel as if I might get pinched just like in Italy."

The idea of getting pinched appeals to Judy, not because of the act itself, but because of what it represents. Ever since she arrived in America back in 1962, the 5' 3" actress has been fighting the battle of the sexless ingenue. "When they first brought me over from England, I looked too boyish. They put a fall on me, combed my hair, and made me smear on deep lipstick. This was the first mistake.

I've been fighting my way back to being me for over six years. Now, on Laugh-In, I think this is the real me. My kind of appeal is in the gamin look. It's taken all this time to get to be the way I really am."

While Judy was attempting to be herself on television, three previous TV series were cancelled out from under her: "Fair Exchange," "Baileys of Balboa," and "Love on a Rooftop" all had Judy's hopes soaring, but before she could blink, they were doomed! "One day you're a big shot," she reminisces, "then the next day you're cancelled, and it's Judy Who within two days."

Despite these career jolts and a disastrous marriage to actor Burt Reynolds which ended in divorce, Judy remains as amazingly bubbly and happy person. She's been over the bumps, but still can laugh at herself.



"It takes a lot to shake me up. I'm very positive. I guess I just don't suffer as much as other people. I have a natural joy to life and it takes a lot to kill it. There are hard knocks in this business, and I've taken a few, but they haven't seemed to dull my natural joy."

In order to keep this natural joy flowing, Judy is attending regular weekly classes in metaphysics. "I'm starting to meditate every day. Actually, it's the power of positive thinking... you are your own God. What you put into life you get out of it. We

have a Guru and he's really helping me."

Religion to Judy has offered little help. "I've obviously believed in the obvious things, but in moments of tragedy, I've never been able to turn to religion and get help." She's also not a fan of psychoanalysis. "I don't believe in psychiatry for myself. Most people go to analysts because they want to talk about themselves and no one else will listen. It's never been right for me. I tried it once and I don't dig it. But this new thing is right for me. It points out that you must turn to yourself, and this is what I'm doing today."



The Judy Carne she's turning to is a girl who is older than she looks and glad of it. Her 108-pound figure and boyish hair-style are perfect for today's fashions. Judy can dash into any one of the exclusive boutiques in Beverly Hills and come out with a dozen dresses in ten minutes that do wonders for her. Her lips require no lipstick and only around her brown eyes is it necessary to use any make-up. She's gifted with that fresh English skin all over and though tiny, her proportions are curvy.

People in Hollywood who've worked with Judy in her past series have nothing but good words for the pert actress. "She's honest" they report, "and a trouper!"







Judy found the right time to use her expressive vocabulary when a fan magazine printed a story about her and Goldie Hawn. "I know it's old hat to complain about fan magazines and usually I don't do it, but this story hurt. Goldie and I are very close friends and this particular magazine article attempted to reveal our so-called feud. This kind of story does a lot of harm."

It's quite obvious to anyone watching the *Laugh-In* regulars rehearse that there is a closeness that exists between them that isn't often found in a theatrical company. Goldie and Judy, especially, are almost like sisters. They can exchange clothes and lines freely and share secrets like high school girls. On the show itself, Goldie and Judy are two distinct types, so it is foolish to bill them as rivals. "We have a sense of looking out for ourselves, but we know when competition starts creeping in, it's just like a disease. We're very careful about not letting this happen."

There is, about Judy, an intense devotion to her work. This dates back to early in her life when she was placed in a boarding school that

specialized in the theater. "I was always a show biz kid," Judy recalls. "Shirley Temple was my idol and I was corny from the day I was born. When there was a camera around I just had to perform. When I was three, I wanted to be a ballerina, so they sent me off to dance classes. By the time I was nine, it was necessary to enroll me in a theatrical boarding school where there were other children. Because of being an only child, I was getting a bit strange."

Boarding school seemed to be just what Judy needed. She attended regular classes in the morning, then trained in the arts of performing all afternoon and evening. She was taught to work lights, build scenery, apply makeup, and design costumes. Until she became 16, this was Judy's total existence.

Upon graduation, because the school she attended was so respected, Judy immediately found herself on the London stage in a musical review



which was much the same format as today's *Laugh-In*-show. "Here I was only 16, and I had a nice part in an intimate revue that ran for more than two years on the London stage. It was bits of isolated humor all woven together, much like *Laugh-In*. Sometimes when I'm in front of the TV camera I feel like I'm right back where I started from and I love it!"

*Laugh-In* is taped in bits and pieces at the NBC studios in Burbank. "We have no studio audience when we tape," Judy explains. "When there's a live audience, you have to conform too closely to a script. Taping the way we do allows us a great deal of freedom. And also, our producer, George Schlatter, can stand right by the camera every minute. I panic if he isn't there. And he's marvelous because if you want to stand in front of the camera and say 'turtle' 50 times, he'll let you. Even if he can't find a place to put the line, he'll let you do it. Invariably, you'll say something that can be used!"

Off camera, Judy Carne is very much like she is on the show. She's a very free person who lives a full and hectic life. Currently, she's moving from her charming old home in the hills of Hollywood. "Ever since *Laugh-In* became popular, people in my neighborhood seemed more aware of me. They watch everyone who comes and goes to the house and I've even had six or seven robberies in the past year. I'm a person who needs privacy very badly so I'm searching for a new place to live."

The house Judy finds must have old charm so that she can have the proper place to arrange her collection of antique furniture. She has a good eye for a bargain and has found many priceless pieces that will only fit into an older home. Her surroundings are always decorated in earth colors.

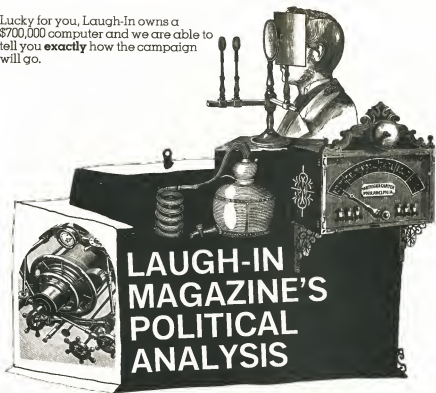
In the kitchen, Judy cooks in the old English ways, peppering up her dishes with varied spices. She blends an international feeling in her cooking that should beckon a new husband into her kitchen soon. "Personally," she admits, "I'm a very bad date. So I'm quite happy that I now have a serious relationship with someone. It makes no sense to me to date a new person every week. I dislike nightclubs, hate to drink, and am not particularly fond of eating out."

What she does like always centers around music. She adores attending pop concerts or just sitting at home listening to her favorite artists on a stereo. "Music is sort of a way of life for me. It's really what I want to do most... singing. But I can't find my particular type of style, at least for records. I'll just keep searching and perhaps one day soon it will just pop out."

In the meantime, Judy will just keep letting them "Sock It To Her" every week while millions of Americans become more and more aware of her sprightly British charms.



Lucky for you, Laugh-In owns a \$700,000 computer and we are able to tell you **exactly** how the campaign will go.



#### EARLY OCTOBER

Nixon leads because Democrats are still upset about convention. Not only couldn't they get in the convention hall, once they got in, they couldn't get out. This scene, taken October 1st shows delegates from the New Hampshire delegation attempting to leave the convention area.



#### OCTOBER 10th

Nixon has discovered Greek vote is insignificant; denies selecting Spiro Agnew. Says he was just suggesting name for an unchristened Greek freighter. Says he thought man in this picture with him was a relative borrowing money. Humphrey pulls ahead.



### OCTOBER 12th

LBJ talks Humphrey into keeping hat on and eating like a slob at Prayer Breakfast in Boston. Humphrey plunges ten points in the polls.



### OCTOBER 16th

Pat Paulsen is regarded as simply a joke candidate. Paulsen's own mother says she will vote vegetarian ticket: claims her son is "... a vegetable".



### OCTOBER 18th

Nixon performs what many feel is stunt to placate Orange County people. Millions of Republicans respond to this symbolic gesture; Nixon now has eleven point lead.



### OCTOBER 24th

George Wallace tries for same kind of boost Nixon got with elephant. Goes for "Two Chickens In Every Pot" promotion. Both Colonel Sanders and Chicken Delight are outraged; deep fry three Wallace campaign workers to death.



### OCTOBER 27th

ELEPHANT NIXON STUCK HIS HEAD IN DIES. ANIMAL LOVERS GO APE; HUMPHREY TAKES EIGHT POINT LEAD IN POLLS.



## OCTOBER 29th

*Rona Barrett discovers all but \$07.43 in gold bouillon has been moved from Fort Knox to the LBJ ranch. LBJ says he was just branding it and planned to return it; nation isn't sure. Humphrey slips six more points.*



## NOVEMBER 1st

West Coast Nixon campaigner becomes too vociferous; Nixon plunges even lower in polls. With two days to go before election it's Nixon 11.2%, Humphrey 9.3%, and Wallace 2.4. Paulsen support is too small to register.



## NOVEMBER 2nd

Harold Stassen, in a master stroke, declares the GOP convention was never held and returns to Miami to receive nomination. This does nothing for him in the polls, but nation is confused and Humphrey and Nixon drop to 2.1 and 1.9 respectively. Wallace withdraws to open chain of competitive fried chicken stands, will only use white chickens. Undecided vote is 96.4 in both Harris and Gallup polls..



## NOVEMBER 3rd

Poor imitation of Moshe Dayan by mysterious Paulsen supporter infuriates Jewish voters. Paulsen sinks lower . . . Also, LBJ turns on HHH because of refusal to participate in greased hog contest in White House. HHH immediately loses Texas which threatens write-in for Eddy Arnold and Minnie Pearl. Nixon forgets to shave and drops to minus position. Gallup Poll demands Nixon and Humphrey pay three points each or be sued.



## NOVEMBER 4th—ELECTION DAY!

Paulsen huddles via long distance phone with "special situation" advisors Regis Philbin and Jack Paar. Comes on all three networks and weeps openly (deftly using surplus Chicago Police tear-gas canister as aid). Nation, as usual, is sucker for tears. Paulsen is deluged with votes from mothers, potential mothers, hopeful mothers and interior decorators. By 7:01 PM CBS, ABC, NBC and Mad Magazine declare Paulsen winner with 72% of total vote.

By 7:01 EST, Walter Cronkite has declared Pat Paulsen to be the 37th President of the United States.

THE BEST OF THE BRASS  
MUSIC REPERTORY  
THE TULSA BRASS

75 Lobster: Monday, Monday.  
ch, 50th To 51st Avenue, Pier-  
ce, 11 am.

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If you begin membership by buying just one record now, and agree to purchase a record a month during the coming six months (you will have up to 300 records a month to choose from)

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**It's in the book.  
Humorous book excerpts  
selected by Steve Allen.**



# HOW TO GET THINGS DONE.

**By Robert Benchley**

THE BENCHLEY ESTATE. COPYRIGHT, 1964, BY NATHANIEL BENCHLEY.  
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*Hi there. Laugh-In Magazine has asked me to make another selection from a book I have enjoyed. It was tempting to give you two or three hundred pages from the CITY STATUTES OF THE CITY OF BURBANK, long one of my favorites, but I decided on something shorter and much funnier. HOW TO GET THINGS DONE, By Robert Benchley makes me feel better about my age. To miss out on Benchley's years is a tragedy unmitigated by faster cars, bigger airplanes, cheaper swimming pools, and acid rock. Benchley died many years ago and no one's filled the gap. Maybe no one needs to; he's just as funny today as thirty years ago. I give you Mr. Benchley...*

A great many people have come up to me and asked me how I manage to get so much work done and still keep looking so dissipated. My answer is "Don't you wish you knew?" and a pretty good answer it is, too, when you consider that nine times out of ten I didn't hear the original question.

But the fact remains that hundreds of thousands of people throughout the country are wondering how I have time to do all my painting, engineering, writing and philanthropic work when, according to the rotogravure sections and society notes I spend all my time riding to hounds, going to fancy-dress balls disguised as Louis XIV or spelling out GREETINGS TO CALIFORNIA information with three thousand Los Angeles school children. "All work and all play," they say.

The secret of my incredible energy and efficiency in getting work done is a simple one. I have based it very deliberately on a well-known psychological principle and have refined it so that it is now almost too refined. I shall have to begin coarsening it up again pretty soon.

The psychological principle is this: anyone can do any amount of work, provided it isn't the work he is supposed to be doing at that moment.

Let us see how this works out in practice. Let us say that I have five things which have to be done before the end of the week: (1) a basketful of letters to be answered, some of them dating from October, 1928, (2) some bookshelves to be put up and arranged with books (3) a hair-cut to get (4) a pile of scientific magazines to go through and clip (I am collecting all references to tropical fish I can find, with the idea of some day buying myself one) and (5) an article to write for this paper.

Now. With these five tasks staring me in the face on Monday morning, it is little wonder that I go right back to bed as soon as I have had breakfast, in order to store up health and strength for the almost superhuman expenditure of energy that is to come. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is my motto, and, not even to be funny, am I going to make believe that I don't know what the Latin means. I feel that the least I can do is to treat my body right when it has to supply fuel for an insatiable mind like mine.



As I lie in bed on Monday morning storing my strength, I make out a schedule. "What do I have to do first?" I ask myself. Well, those letters really should be answered and the pile of scientific magazines should be clipped. And here is where my secret process comes in. Instead of putting them first on the list of things which have to be done, I put them last. I practice a little deception on myself and say, "First you must write that



article for the newspaper." I even say this out loud (being careful that nobody hears me, otherwise they would keep me in bed) and try to fool myself into really believing that I must do the article that day and that the other things can wait. I sometimes go so far in this self-deception as to make out a list in pencil, with "No. 1. Newspaper article" underlined in red. The underlining in red is rather difficult, as there is never a red pencil on the table beside the bed, unless I have taken one to bed with me on Sunday night.)

Then, when everything is lined up, I bound out of bed and have lunch. I find that a good, heavy lunch, with some sort of glutinous dessert, is good preparation for the day's work as it keeps one from getting nervous and excitable. We workers must keep cool and calm, otherwise we would just throw away our time in jumping about the fidgeting.

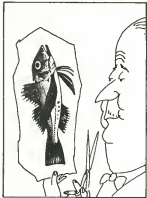
I then seat myself at my desk with my typewriter before me, and sharpen five pencils. (The sharp pencils are for poking holes in the desk-blotter, and a pencil has to be pretty sharp to do that. I find that I can't get more than six holes out of one pencil.) Following this I say to myself (again out loud, if it is practical), "Now, old man! Get at this article!"

Gradually the scheme begins to work. My eye catches the pile of magazines, which I have artfully placed on a nearby table beforehand. I write my name and address at the top of the sheet of paper in the typewriter and then sink back. The magazines being within reach (also part of the plot) I look to see if anyone is watching me and get one off the top of the pile. Hello, what's this! In the very

first one is an article by Dr. William Beebe, illustrated by horrifying photographs! Pushing my chair away from my desk, I am soon hard at work clipping.

One of the interesting things about the *Argyropelius*, or "Silver Hatchet" fish, I find, is that it has eyes in its wrists. I would have been sufficiently surprised just to find out that a fish had wrists, but to learn that it has eyes in them is a discovery so astounding that I am hardly able to cut out the picture. What a lot one learns simply by thumbing through the illustrated weeklies! It is hard work, though, and many a weaker spirit would give it up half-done, but when there is something else of "more importance" to be finished (you see, I still keep up the deception, letting myself go on thinking that the newspaper article is of more importance) no work is too hard or too onerous to keep one busy.

Thus, before the afternoon is half over, I have gone through the scientific magazines and have a neat pile of clippings (including one of a Viper



Fish which I wish you could see. You would die laughing). Then it is back to the grind of the newspaper article.

This time I get as far as the title, which I write down with considerable satisfaction until I find that I have misspelled one word terribly, so that the whole sheet of paper has to come out and a fresh one be inserted. As I am doing this, my eye catches the basket of letters.

Now, if there is one thing that I hate to do (and there is, you may be sure) it is to write letters. But somehow, with the magazine article before

me waiting to be done, I am seized with an epistolary fervor that amounts to a craving, and I slyly sneak the first of the unanswered letters out of the basket. I figure out in my mind that I will get more into the swing of writing the article if I practice a little on a few letters. This first one, anyway, I really must answer. True, it is from a friend in Antwerp asking me to look him up when I am in Europe in the summer of 1929, so he can't actually be watching the incoming boats for an answer, but I owe something to politeness after all. So instead of putting a fresh sheet of copy-paper into the typewriter, I slip in one of my handsome bits of personal stationery and dash off a note to my friend in Antwerp. Then, being well in the letter-writing mood, I clean up the entire batch. I feel a little guilty about the article, but the pile of freshly stamped envel-



Maybe in that pile of books in the corner is one on snake-charming! Nobody could point a finger of scorn at me if I went over to those books for the avowed purpose of research work for the matter at hand. No writer could be supposed to carry all that information in his head.

So, with a perfectly clear conscience, I leave my desk for a few minutes and begin glancing over the titles of the books. Of course, it is difficult to find any book, much less one on snake-charming, in a pile which has been standing in the corner for weeks. What really is needed is for them to be on a shelf where their titles will be visible at a glance. And there is the shelf, standing beside the pile of books! It seems almost like a divine command written in the sky: "If you want to finish that article, first put up the shelf and arrange the books on it!" Nothing could be clearer or more logical.

In order to put up the shelf, the laws of physics have decreed that there must be nails, a hammer and some sort of brackets to hold it up on the wall. You can't just wet a shelf with your tongue and stick it up. And, as there are no nails or brackets in the house (or, if there are, they are probably hidden somewhere) the next thing to do is put on my hat and go out to buy them. Much as it disturbs me to put off the actual start of the article, I feel that I am doing only what is in the line of duty to put on my hat and go out to buy nails and brackets. And, as I put on my hat, I realize to my chagrin that I need a hair-cut

badly. I can kill two birds with one stone, or at least with two, and stop in at the barber's on the way back. I will feel all the more like writing after a turn in the fresh air. Any doctor would tell me that. So in a few hours I return, spick and span and smelling of lilac, bearing nails, brackets, the evening papers and some crackers and peanut butter. Then it's ho! for a quick snack and a glance through the evening papers (there might be something in them which would alter what I was going to write about snake-charming) and in no time at all the shelf is up, slightly crooked but up, and the books are arranged in a neat row in alphabetical order and all ready for almost instantaneous reference. There does not happen to be one on snake-charming among them, but there is a very interesting one containing some Hogarth prints and one which will bear even closer inspection dealing with the growth of the Motion Picture, illustrated with "stills" from famous productions. A really remarkable industry, the motion pictures. I might want to write an article on it sometime. Not today, probably, for it is six o'clock and there is still the one on snake-charming to finish up first. Tomorrow morning sharp! Yes, sir!



And so, you see, in two days I have done four of the things I had to do, simply by making believe that it was the fifth that I must do. And the next day, I fix up something else, like taking down the bookshelf and putting it somewhere else, that I have to do, and then I get the fifth one done.

The only trouble is that, at this rate, I will soon run out of things to do, and will be forced to get that newspaper article the first thing Monday morning.



opes and the neat bundle of clippings on tropical fish do much to salve my conscience. Tomorrow I will do the article and no fooling this time, either.

When tomorrow comes I am up with one of the older and more sluggish larks. A fresh sheet of copy-paper in the machine, and my name and address neatly printed at the top, and all before eleven A.M. "A human dynamo" is the name I think up for myself. I have decided to write something about snake-charming and am already more than satisfied with the title "These Snake-Charming People." But, in order to write about snake-charming, one has to know a little about its history, and where should one go to find history but to a book?



TRANSVESTISM IS A DRAG.

George Washington Carver worked for peanuts.

Transvests are overly sensitive.

Most belles are dingalings!

Technicolor wants everything down in black and white.

Chief Crazy Horse had reservations.  
The Lone Ranger is a jabroni on the edge.

Loot that barge; raise that bail

PRICES LOW.

Christian Barnard leaves people in stitches.



## THE ANSWERS

**The answers first  
then the questions.**

Sick to death of hearing the questions first and the answers after? Here is a unique, original, unusual, extraordinary, comedy concept\*—the Answer FIRST and then the question!

\*Previously only done on Johnny Carson, Steve Allen,



Jack Paar, Jack Benny, Mary Griffin, The Julia Child Cooking Show, Captain Kangaroo, yes!



ANSWER:

**Exactly 1,246 square feet.**

QUESTION:

*What is the outstanding characteristic of 623 dancers to Wolk's music?*



ANSWER:

**360 degrees.**

QUESTION:

*What would you call 150 degrees were then Dr. Norman Vincent Peale was actually earned?*



ANSWER:

**Sixteen lower teeth and  
sixteen upper teeth.**

QUESTION:

*What would you rather have pulled out than have to watch a Jerry Lewis movie?*

Bishop, Joe Penner, and Bullwinkle.



ANSWER:  
**More precious than silver.**

QUESTION:  
*What did the Lone Ranger call Tonto other than Keenwahbe?*



ANSWER:  
**Two and one half feet below sea-level!**

QUESTION:  
*At what depth does Lloyd Bridges usually picnic?*



ANSWER:  
**Surveys show the average number of times is twice a week, but sometimes as much as several times a day.**

QUESTION:  
*How often does ABC cancel a show?*



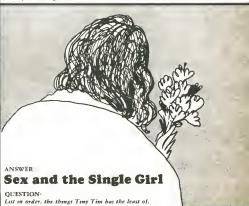
ANSWER:  
**The Big hand was on one and the little hand was on three.**

QUESTION:  
*What happened the night Walt Chamberlain and Mickey Rooney broke into the YWCA?*



ANSWER:  
**Cold steel in the guts.**

QUESTION:  
*What was Betty Farness' biggest problem when she opened refrigerator doors for Westinghouse?*



ANSWER:  
**Sex and the Single Girl**

QUESTION:  
*List in order, the things Tiny Tim has the least of.*

Walter Reuther  
is a striking person

Ok. Sock it to me.



Miners get the shaft!



ORAL ROBERTS IS A HEAL!



PLUMBERS

ALWAYS



Love beads are perspiration

J. Edgar Hoover bugs people



Boris is filled with  
the true spirit of  
the Christian Brothers.

He's killed six  
quarts of their  
muscatel this week.

PUNISHMENT.

ENGLISH TEACHERS BELIEVE IN CAPITAL

Porky Pig is a boar.



The Winchester Co. is making a killing.  
SOFTBALL IS UNDERHANDED



Wilt Chamberlain dribbles.  
Paul Revere had a severe colt!The National Rifle Association will be the death of us



Audubon was for the birds.



TAKE TIME! STEAL A CLOCK.

DYSENTRY CURES COUGHS!



German beer makes you drunk with power.



In birds, it's the male that has the beautiful plumage.  
KING MIDAS WORE GLOVES ON DATES!



LET SLEEPING BAGS LIE





## SEX

For the first time— see Grace Kelly's tattoos! Popeye, Betty Boop, and ten other fading but fascinating tattoo parlor triumphs.

Full color photographs of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing the complete works of Henry Miller.



Dr. Joyce Brothers discusses sexual development in the child from eight to ten. The Smothers Brothers discuss sexual development in the child from ten to midnight.



## INDUSTRY

The story of why one manufacturer lost millions putting out a hearing aid in the exact size and shape of a tricycle!

## AND

How Howard Hughes plans to buy J. Paul Getty and have him completely refurbished.

## HOLLYWOOD INSIDE STUFF

CATCH UP ON THE MARY PICKFORD-TAB HUNTER TIFF IN AN ARTICLE THAT RIPS THE LID OFF TAB'S PLANS TO CALL HIMSELF "AMERICA'S SWEETHEART".

## SPORT



The Tragic Story of Esther Williams' decline to doing 8 mm. home movies in algae ridden fish ponds.

See Arnold Palmer tee off on fake grass during fifty dollar Southern California funeral!

## MEDICAL

The first Heart Transplant performed on an internal revenue agent! Done with tweezers and a magnifying glass.

## WASHINGTON WHISPERS!

THE QUESTIONS EVERYBODY IS ASKING— WILL LBJ AND LADY BIRD TAKE NEW NAMES AND TRY TO START LIFE OVER AGAIN WHEN THEY LEAVE THE WHITE HOUSE?

PLUS...

66 big color pages of Doris Day! Photographed in that diffused way like her movies—actually through six layers of greased burlap!

ALL THIS AND MUCH MORE  
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE  
OF WHATDAYA CALLIT.



Goldie,  
the Russian  
Generals  
marched into  
Prague  
in Naked  
Aggression!



Golly, how  
could they tell  
they were generals?

Show me an  
out-of-work midget  
sculptor and I'll  
show you a low-down  
cheap chiseler.



Gladys,  
when you  
kiss a man with a  
moustache, does  
it spoil it  
for you?

Yes,  
that's why I  
use Nair.



IT IS  
WRITTEN  
THAT BOTH  
THE WEAVER AND  
THE GARMENT  
OF THE GANGES  
ARE a Sari Spun  
Of A Stitch.



Of course  
the country  
can't stand another  
Kim Novak movie, but  
what else can she do?

Knock Knock.  
WHO'S THERE?  
Cara.  
CARA WHO?  
Cara-fornia,  
here I come . . .



Those  
stories about  
Raquel Welch's  
clothing . . .  
there's no  
foundation to them!



This  
magazine has  
been brought to you  
from Downtown Burbank  
because Juarez is closed  
for weekly  
doctor's  
inspection.



DREGS scans are very very interestink

